King. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make leaues
Mow: Yea, but not change his spots, take no shame,
But my shame
And I resigne my gage. My dear, dear Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten times barr'd up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyall brest.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one
Take honour from me, and my life is done
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try
In that I liue, and for that will I die
King: Cosin throw downe your gage
Doe you begin.
Bul: Oh heaven defend my soule from this foule sin
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my height
Before

of Richard the
Before this out-dard
Shall wound mine h
Or sound so base a par
The slavish motive of
And spit it bleeding
Then shame doth har
E
King: We were not bo
which time we cann
Be ready (as your live
At Coventree, upon S
There shall your Swo
The swelling difference
Since we cannot atton